

the baneful heresy of progression. Gird your loins Samuel, and hew to the line, let the chips fly where they may.

Eld. J. T. Myers, of Green Tree, Pa., is a man after St. Paul's own heart, loving, loyal, broad gage. He is writing his name high on the immortal rolls, and the halo of the coming glory is already gathering about his consecrated brow. He is brushing the dust of the ages off the customs, rites and ceremonies of his church, and an "abundant entrance" into the crystal kingdom awaits him when "life's fitful fever is past," if he is faithful unto death. Dr. M. G. Brumbaugh of the University of Pa., was in attendance and constant requisition. He is a tower and pillar of the G. B. fortress, the Achilles of the apostolic brethren Nestor of the Tunker pulpit.

At this time he is examining, with scientific exactness, the foundation of the faith and practice of his people and he does not hesitate to publish historic facts tho it may disparage time honored, time-worn beliefs. Modest, suave, brilliant, he moves among his brethren with the indescribable majesty of conscious, recognized worth, and upon the scrolls of celestial fame no name will be more glorified than that which he so meekly bears.

Dear reader, do you know Swigart of Juniata college, Pa., the erudite, companionable, versatile W. J. What a host of educational children greet him everywhere, as he travels from place to place, and what a brilliant page he is writing in the history of his church. The intellectual and spiritual light that is pouring out of the halls and classrooms of Juniata college, in constant, widening streams, has its inspiration in his great heart and brain, and the families of Tunkers all over the east, north and south, owe him a debt of gratitude that cannot be paid in this world. Eld. H. B. Brumbaugh, also of Juniata, shares abundantly in all the praise and reward that goes to Huntingdon. A most sage counselor, loyal to the core to the commands of his Master, an enemy of all that is unclean and impure, apostolic in spirit, his whole life has tended to lift the quaint brotherhood above the low plane of formalism, and he can praise the Lord that his own eyes have seen the salvation which his efforts and prayers have helped to produce. Dear Brother, your presence and counsel and prayers under our roof tree and at our altar was a benediction to us, and we hold you nearest our hearts, in loving remembrance.

Elder H. C. Early of Virginia, is a son of thunder and one of the ablest expositors of the apostolic doctrines among his people. He may tell you he believes in the traditions too but the case is not acute, merely superficial, local, circumstantial, incidental, etc. Should he ever get religion he will brush the dust and cobwebs of custom out of his eyes and then what he would do against satan's kingdom would make the angels shout for joy. Henry is a most amiable, companionable cousin and when you have him in the

social coterie once, you will be certain to invite him to "come again."

Elder Dan Hays of Virginia has a loving and benignant heart. There is no Tunker in America who has a larger inheritance of kinsfolk in the grade of "cousins" than he. It is this way. All who are within the fold are brothers, all without are cousins. Well, cousin Dan, just so we are not of the house and lineage of the old "accuser" we will be near "when the roll is called up yonder." "The more part" of his brethren assign us to a place far beyond the voice of the angel who keeps the rolls. Brother Weind of Ohio is a budding celebrity, an alumnus of Juniata, now in the post-graduate class of the University of Illinois. He has studied the philosophy of the doctrines of his church and has discovered that the peculiar forms of the clothes which the A. M. has commanded the members to wear are not traditional and proves that they represent the will of the Lord by the simple drapery with which the ancient Greek sculptors used to drape their models.

This argument reminds me of the astute logic of the southern piccaninny who had a mortal dread of bears, but I will not tell the story now. Try Aristotle again Brother W. Here is the substance of his argument. Our Lord teaches plainness of attire. But the Greek sculptors draped their models in plain robes. Therefore the church uniform is essential to salvation. Brother Swigart did he get that from Juniata?

The Brentville Bea(h)ms, Isaac and Charles, are a potent brace of young captains, brim full of mental and physical energy which they are crystalizing into living, moving monuments of animated Tunkerism in the form of bright intelligent boys and girls who pass thru the class rooms of Brentville College, Prince William Co., Va. A Bea(h)m is an important factor in a building and I congratulate the old fraternity on their acquisition. They need broadening but the evolutionary process is working and we await the results. What a pity these college boys don't tell all they believe when they preach.

Elder J. G. Royer of Mt. Morris is one of the brightest of the stars in the Tunker galaxy. He is an accomplished diplomat, a consummate tactician, a leader of men by birthright, a master of the divine science of government, magnetic, philosophic, and so on to the last of the list of words descriptive of genuine merit. Yet "one thing he lacketh" and that is, love for the Progressive sheep who are folded in the Lord's pasture adjacent to his. Will it surprise you Mr. R., when you meet me on the "evergreen shore" "in the sweet bye and bye?" I hope not. I shall be surprised if you do not join me in royal procession when the bridegroom presents his bride to Our Father."

I want to say to you, dear brother, in the strictest confidence, please do not teach our bright western boys and girls that the salvation of their souls is dependent on the shape of a rag. It will dwarf their minds and

maim their souls and it may embarrass you to explain it satisfactorily to the Judge at the last day.

There is no man in the great Tunker army who reflects more of the light of God's love from his beaming face than Galen the younger. From the brotherly warmth of his greeting the benignant smile that pours out of his great heart and the native majesty of his bearing one would naturally mistake him for a southerner "to the manner born." He is acting quartermaster and commissary general of the missionary forces of his church and he directs his department with the skill and tact of a master. Ere another decade passes he will have millions to disburse and the heralds of Tunkerism will be seen and heard under every sun and in every clime in this world. What a tremendous machine God has committed to his hands, and what great grace he needs to use it to the glory of the Master. Let all the brotherhood pray for Brother Galen.

There follows all of these a multitude, less conspicuous, but not less worthy, who are keeping step with the mighty host of the Lord's warriors in the battle for the conquest of this world. Elder A. Hutchinson is the animated concordance and dictionary of the Bible, I. S. Flory of California grows daily in knowledge and grace; G. G. Myers of Philadelphia is the redeemer, under Christ, of the Philadelphia church; Chas. Yearout of Missouri, cries out, "down brakes," when the train is pulling up grade. F. L. Mohler of Warrensburg, Missouri, of the "Land Mark," stands at the rear of the advancing columns and shouts to the college boys and foreign missionaries to "halt and entrench," Brethren, if you want to save the traditions, heed Brother Mohler, help the "Landmark," halt and entrench. Brother M., save the church if you lose the traditions. You can't save both.

I will say in conclusion to EVANGELIST readers, that the foregoing is an honest but imperfect picture of the Tunkerism of today as it was represented in the personnel of its leaders who were in attendance at the late A. M. at Roanoke. It may interest you as it did myself. I congratulate the brethren on the unmistakable evidences of growth that they have accomplished since I saw them last at Hagerstown in 1891. At the present rate of progress another decade will witness the dying agonies of that most deadly parasite of pure religion and spirituality, formalism, which has so sadly handicapped the church during past generations. Let all lovers of the Word wish and pray for an early termination of the struggle.

D. C. MOOMAW.

P. S.—Some of our modest brethren may be displeased to have their merits "disclosed" in this public manner. As an excuse for the liberty I have taken I will say the flowers usually placed on the graves of the "loved and lost" would serve a better purpose if they were offered during life, and nothing gives me more delight than speaking words of love and cheer to my friends and brethren.